

# Good Morning

141

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

**Ldg. Stoker**  
**ALFRED**  
**HINES**  
**did you**  
**get your**  
**Wife's**  
**Letter?**

HERE'S a picture for Leading Stoker Alfred Hedley Hines, of Crawley-road, Wallsend-on-Tyne. Yes! it's his 24-years-old wife Grace, hard at work with her needle and sewing basket, because round about December there will be a happy event in the household, and it means a lot of work preparing for the day.

You see, L.S. Hines, she had just arrived home from her fire-fighting job in Lancashire, and was spending a few days in Wallsend before going to see your mother and father in Bude for a week or two.

Just as the "Good Morning" photographer was taking this picture, who should come running in, all out of breath, with her music case under her arm, but 12-year-old Rosie! Walter was sitting in his favourite armchair, and asked us to tell you that he is saving a pint or two for you at the "Anchor."

Remember the dog "Snip," Alf! ... well, he was running around just as full of life as ever, always wanting to be playing—in fact, he's getting to be a real devil.

By the way, your wife was writing a letter just a few minutes ago ... did you get it?



**NICE TO FIND A PLACE**



**WHERE**  
**THEY**  
**AREN'T**  
**"OUT OF**  
**STOCKS"**

Two cheerful kids found in the village stocks at Lymm in Cheshire.



*I get around*

## WANTED—BROADMINDED BACHELORS ROLLING IN DOUGH!

THE Editor of "The Matrimonial Post," in the July number, assures readers that his journal is not published for a joke, and that for eighty years it has been a very serious and respected paper. He adds that all advertisements are bona fide.

How one man can decide for others what is funny I don't know. Personally, I am very much amused.

Advertisements are classified (much on the same lines as in "The Stockbreeder") under **Bachelors, Widows, Widowers, and Spinsters.**

The great majority of **Spinsters** are school mistresses with dark hair and slim figures. The **Widows** are without exception homely and attractive and fond of children, but haven't any. The **Widowers** are all lonely and have good incomes and are nearly all commercial travellers or insurance agents. The **Bachelors** are broad-minded, from thirty to seventy, and all ask for good cooks.

Mind you, there are about three hundred advertisements in this sixpennyworth. You get your value.

There are a couple in particular that I would quote:—

**Adventurous young woman, left wing opinions. Age 24, fairly full but shapely figure. Keen to set up a home when circumstances permit, and to start a large family in about two years' time. Willing to live home or abroad. Prospective partner must be between 22 and 40 years of age.**

**Daniel Defoe**  
**gives you**  
**a first hand**  
**slice of**  
**history in—**

I WALKED out into the fields towards Bow; for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow and Bromley, and down to Blackwall to the stairs, which are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up. At last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man; first I asked him how people did thereabouts.

"Alas, sir!" says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. There are very few families in this part, or in that village" (pointing at Poplar) "where half of them

Spinster, daughter of British Admiral, would like to meet a Bachelor between 30 and 45. She is considered handsome, patient and capable. Interested in general topics and experienced at managing a home.

There are others. . . .

A SONG that will probably become even more popular than "Roll Out The Barrel" is "Don't Let's Be Beastly To The Germans," by Noel Coward.

It's the sort of thing one finds easy to remember late Saturday evening in the local. You know, like "Knees Up, Mother Brown," and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

The Prime Minister heard the tune the other day, and he joined in the second chorus with the author. . . . Coward, expecting to start a Middle East tour in the near future, will take the song with him. He is hoping to give it to the boys in Sicily.

THE most promising artist I have at the Sussex Art School," the headmaster told me, "is fourteen-year-old Clive Richards." Clive does designing and gen-

eral drawing, but he likes lettering best, and his script-letters are quite good examples of the art. He is also quite promising in block-lettering, and some of his original ideas for poster designs are quite ambitious.

He is a Boy Scout, and has proficiency badges for cooking and cycling.

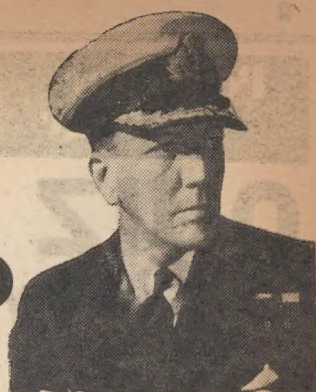
In itself, I suppose that isn't particularly unusual, but Clive hasn't any fingers. He holds his pencil between the stubs of his two hands.

I MET two submariners in London's West End the other evening. They were looking a little lost, so I said "How do?"

Sure enough, they were at a loose end, so I suggested the Three Tuns in Chancery Lane might interest them. You see my point. I was anxious to get them away from that dreadful vice area that the Sunday papers have been screaming about. After all, that innocent submariners should see such goings on. Well, you see my point now, surely.

We arranged to meet in the Tuns later, but they didn't make it. It was a shame, because on the lines of the look in their eyes, I brought along

By **RONALD RICHARDS**



**JOEL COWARD**  
"Don't be beastly."

two poppies from the office. Never mind. They'll keep, I suppose.

A DISCOVERY, or rather disclosure, by Sir John Russell, that a Hertfordshire field will in a few weeks be harvested for the hundredth consecutive year, will obviously have far-reaching effects on British agriculture.

First sown a century ago by a farmer who endowed the land for his experiment in wheat growing, the field was the beginning of the Rothamsted Experimental Research Institution.

But for the war, the century harvesting would have been marked with celebrations attended by agriculturists from all parts of the world.

THE following appeared in "The Stage":—

"Wanted, girls for games, shooting, etc.; wages £3 10s. and commission; experience not necessary."

There is one great society alone on earth: the noble living and the noble dead. Wordsworth.

## —THE YEAR OF THE PLAGUE

are not dead already, and the rest sick. . . .

"Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor, desolate man; it has pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that's my house" (pointing to a very little, low-boarded house), "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live, for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them."

And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine, too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?"

"Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid! I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want"; and with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man, and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.

"Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?"

"Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there's my boat," says he, "and the boat

serves me for a house. I work in it in the night; and what I get I lay down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo, and call to them till I make them hear; and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get any money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor" (pointing down the river a good way below the town), "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" (pointing above the town).

"All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such-like, who have locked themselves up and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this is such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think, they are in no

danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right; I do not buy provisions for them here. I row up to Greenwich and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls and eggs and butter and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other."

"I seldom come on shore here, and I came now only to call to my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money, which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish and some flesh; so all helps out. . . ."

I returned to my own dwelling very well satisfied with my day's journey, and particularly with the poor man; also, I rejoiced to see that such little sanctuaries were provided for so many families in a time of such desolation.

I observed, also, that as the violence of the plague had increased, so the ships which had families on board removed and went farther off, till, as I was told, some went quite away to sea and put into such harbours and safe roads on the north coast as they could best come at.



# Periscope Page

## QUIZ for today

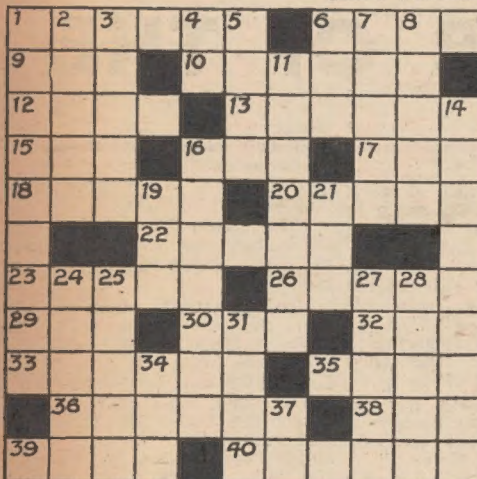
1. What is a brock?
2. Who wrote (a) The Wrecker, (b) The Wreck of the Hesperus?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Gander, Drake, Bull, Cock, Mare, Dog, Colt.
4. What is kedgeriee?
5. Where is Adam's Peak?
6. What is shagreen?
7. What is meant by pyromania?
8. Sassafras is a town in America, a kind of meat pie, a sash worn by native chiefs, an American laurel, an Arabic philosopher?
9. Who was Baloo?
10. Who said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
11. When was the first census taken in Great Britain?
12. Who was Pan?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 140

1. A large West Indian fish.
2. (a) Francis Thompson (b) Conan Doyle.
3. Calceolaria; the others grow wild in England.
4. A dart with ribbons, used in bull-fighting.
5. (a) Scotland, (b) Tasmania.
6. Veal cutlet.
7. The act of tasting.
8. A pedlar, usually of tracts and books.
9. Character in Dombey and Son.
10. Scott's "Marmion."
11. 1707.
12. Government by upstarts.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

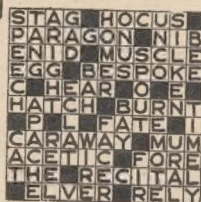
CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Ripen.
- 6 Contain.
- 9 Chopping tool.
- 10 Inate.
- 12 Tail end.
- 13 Be contingent.
- 15 Bother.
- 16 Precious stone.
- 17 Evergreen shrub.
- 18 Projection for mortise.
- 20 Head.
- 22 Vacillate.
- 23 Bid.
- 26 Pain.
- 29 Zero.
- 30 Ignited.
- 32 Doubled.
- 33 Reprimanded sharply.
- 35 But.
- 36 Sleeping place.
- 38 Preservative.
- 39 Milky liquid.
- 40 Ejects.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Races.
- 2 Ooze out.
- 3 Yellow colour.
- 4 Dealing with.
- 5 Ford on foot.
- 6 Wild fruit.
- 7 Turn away.
- 8 Rendezvous.
- 11 Storm.
- 14 Those who make plans.
- 16 Rugged.
- 19 Be indebted.
- 21 Skill.
- 24 Puffer.
- 25 Blaze.
- 27 Angry.
- 28 Of ships.
- 31 Indolent.
- 34 Perthshire river.
- 37 Former.



## JANE



drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

"Excellent, ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Bravo! the Englishman! Another glass? Ah, bah! the bottle is empty. Never mind! Vive le vin! I, the old soldier, order another bottle!"

"No, no, ex-brave; never, ancient grenadier! Your bottle last time; my bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The present company! The croupier! The honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! The ladies generally! Everybody in the world!"

## A weird tale in 3 parts that is guaranteed to make your flesh creep

# The Strange Bed

By WILKIE  
COLLINS

I WAS staying in Paris with a friend, and we were both young, and leading, I am afraid, rather a wild life.

We were idling about one night, and I suggested we should go to a true gambling hell; I was tired of the fashionable gaming-houses of Paris.

"Very well," said my friend. "I know just the place; as blackguard a place as you could possibly wish to see, and only a short distance away."

When we got upstairs we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all lamentably true types of their respective classes.

We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism. Here there was nothing but tragedy—mute, weird tragedy.

The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning-up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who picked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won and how often red, never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes and the darned great-coat, who had lost his last sou, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer, never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room.

I soon found it necessary to take refuge, in excitement, from the depression of spirits which was fast stealing on me. Unfortunately, I sought the nearest excitement by going to the table and beginning to play.

Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate

that the regular players at the table crowded round me, and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was rouge et noir. I had played at it in every city in Europe. But a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement.

But on this occasion it was very different. Now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost when I attempted to estimate chances and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognised probability in favour of the bank.

Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher, and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shovelled across to my side of the table. Even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a fury of astonishment at my success.

My friend came to my side, and, whispering in English, begged me to leave the place satisfied with what I had already gained. I refused, and my friend left.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried: "Wonderful luck, sir! I pledge you my word of honour as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours, never! Go on, sir; *sacre mille bombes!* Go on boldly and break the bank!"

I turned round, and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man.

If I had been in my senses I should have considered him a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling, bloodshot eyes, mangy moustache, and a broken nose. But in the mad excitement, the reckless triumph, of that moment, I was ready to fraternise with anybody who encouraged me in

my game. I accepted the old soldier's proffered pinch of snuff, clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world.

"Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy, "go on and win! Break the bank; *milles tonnerres!* My gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I did go on—went on at such a rate that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out, "Gentlemen, the bank has discontinued for to-night!" All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap

under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets.

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Your winnings are too heavy for any breeches-pockets that ever were sewed. There, that's it. Shovel them in, notes and all. *Oredie!* What luck! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this: To entreat my valued English friend to

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire: my brain seemed all aflame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life.

"Listen, my dear sir," he said, in mysteriously confidential tones, "listen to an old soldier's advice. You must drink some coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits before you think of going home—you must my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. Now, this is what you must do: Send for a cab, when you feel quite well again, draw up all the windows when you get into it, and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this, and to-morrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his advice the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught.

Almost instantly afterwards I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half-deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance, and stammered out that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier, and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down as he spoke, "my dear friend, it would be madness to go home in your state; you would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. I am going to sleep here; do you sleep here too."

(To be continued)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### A TREE (AND STORY) THAT HOLD WATER.

Maybe you find it hard to believe, but here is a native of the Western Sudan drawing up buckets of water from the inside of the Tebedi tree. The tree is hollowed out and filled during the rainy season. It is a queer tree. Its bark makes ropes, its fruit is edible, and its inside is so constituted that it stores the water without allowing it to drain away. You can't find another tree like it anywhere else in the world.

## WANGLING WORDS—103

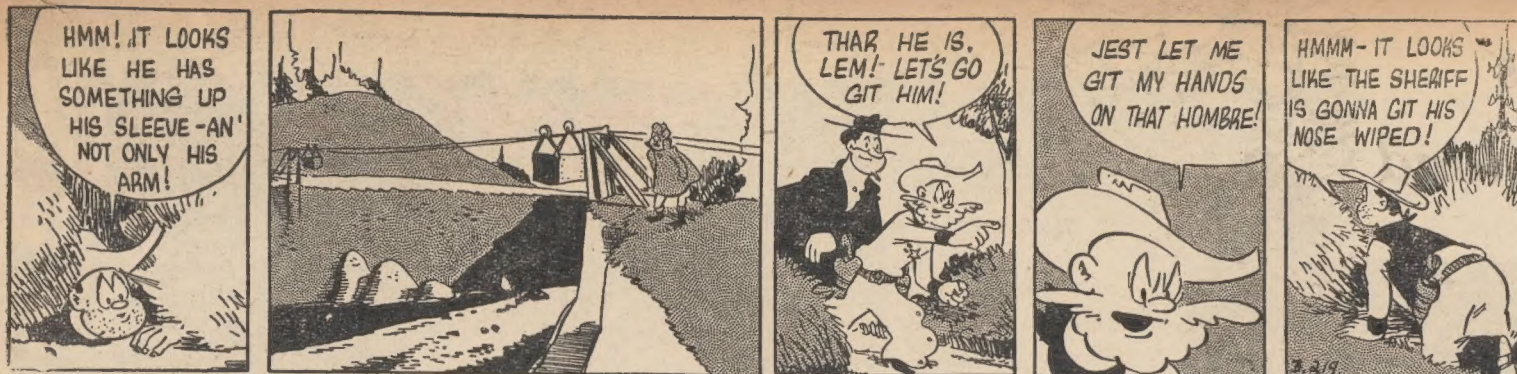
1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after HRAJLM, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of OVER IN SHED, to make an English county.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HALF into QUID, LONE into WOLF, SLOW into SURE, QUIZ into WHAT.
4. How many four-letter and six-letter words can you make from LATITUDE?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 102

1. SHEEPISH.
2. ALDERSHOT.
3. DUTY, DULY, DULL, FULL, FALL, WALL, WELL, WEAL, PEAL, PEAT, BEAT, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE, COAT, COST, CAST, WAST, WEST, VEST, HEN, DEN, DIN, DIM, AIM, AIL, ALL, ALE, AGE, AGO, EGO, EGG, MILK, MILE, MILD, WILD, WILL, WALL, WAIL, MAIL, MAID.
4. Wise, Seat, Wait, Site, Tire, Rite, Tier, Rise, Wire, Sire, That, What, Wear, Ware, This, Sate, Teas, Shew, Wish, Wash, Ewes, West, Ears, Tree, etc. Ether, Wheat, Sweat, Sheet, Sweet, Swear, Water, These, There, Wrath, Rathe, Tease, Stare, Strew, Trees, White, Wrist, etc.



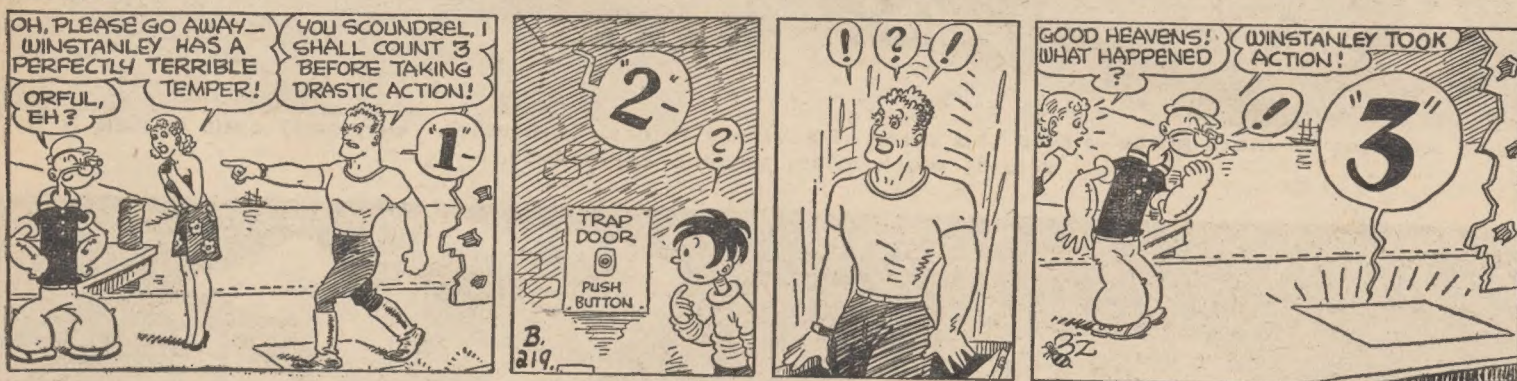
## BEELZEBUB JONES



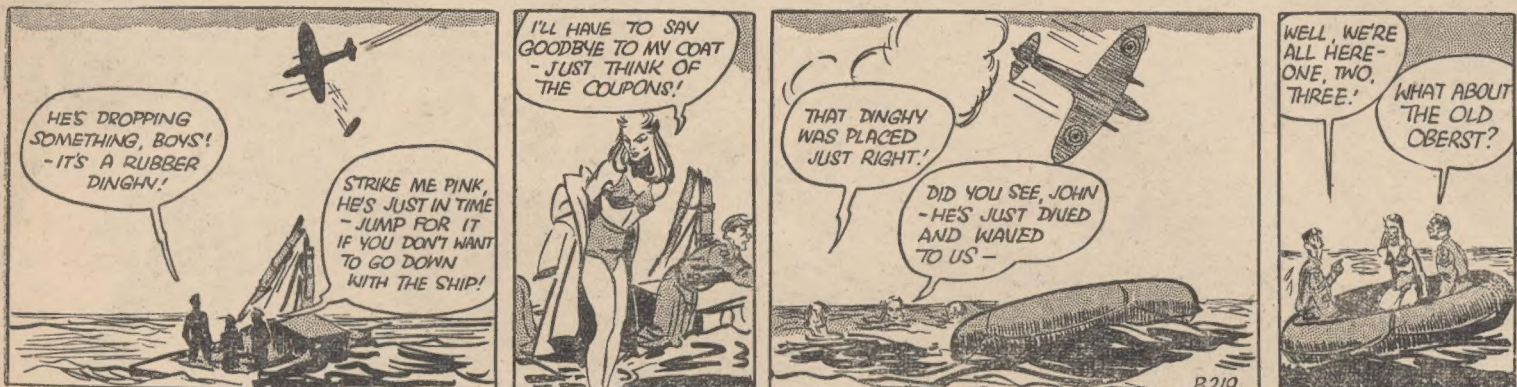
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## The Prince of fielders

By The Old Tough

A QUESTION that is often put to me by ardent young cricketers is, "Who is the best English fieldersman you ever saw?"

Now, this is not so easy to answer, for nearly all the crack fielders you can think of specialised. For instance, one always thinks of Len Braund (Somerset) and Walter Hammond (Gloucestershire) in the slips; E. M. Grace at point; Jack Hobbs (Surrey) and Johnny Briggs (Lancs) at cover; G. L. Jessop (Glos) at extra cover; Bill Hitch (Surrey) at short leg; and Johnny Tyldsley (Lancs), David Denton (Yorks) and Joe Vine (Sussex) in the deep field. Moreover, if you sit down and think a bit, other names will crop up for all those positions of players, as good or nearly so, as those I've mentioned.

If, however, the question is put in another form, "Who was the best fieldersman in any position on the ground?" I unhesitatingly reply A. O. Jones, the old England and Notts skipper. He was the Prince of English fielders. In any part of the field, Jonah—as he was nicknamed—was brilliant and a constant menace to all batsmen, for near the wicket they feared to run, and in the deep field he used to turn twos and threes into singles.

A ball in the air anywhere near him was sure "curtains" for the batsman.

The most marvellous catch I have ever seen was made by "A. O." in the Test Match at Birmingham in 1910.

## WONDERFUL CATCH.

Monty Noble, the Australian captain, was batting, and George Hirst, of Yorkshire, was bowling. Jonah was fielding at short leg close in. Hirst sent down a fastish half-volley on the leg side, and Noble caught it a proper smack with the full face of the bat.

Spectators and fielders all looked to the leg boundary to see the ball thrown back, but when Noble was just finishing his first run we saw Jonah toss the ball to the wicket-keeper and the umpire with his finger up.

There was a pause for a second, then the English field ran across to congratulate Jonah, and the applause from the huge crowd was deafening. It continued until the next Australian batsman was at the wicket, and many hats were flung away or smashed in the excitement.

I asked A. O. that evening how it had happened. He told me that he noticed the kind of ball Hirst had sent down, knew that Noble would deal heavily with it, and also knew his only chance was to get close. He stole a couple of paces and caught the catch ankle-high with his left hand!

As one of the crowd said—"A b—y miracle." So it would have been to all but Jonah.

## Argue this out for yourselves

## THE AMERICANS.

THE Americans are showing extraordinary energy in the war, and the fact that they have enough energy left for little arguments among themselves is to me not less encouraging, but more encouraging in regard to their interest in world affairs in future.

Sir William Beveridge.

## RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

A BEGINNING must be made with parents. The Churches should set themselves to teach the obligations and privileges of parenthood. No State control, however well-intentioned, can take the place of natural parentage. We need Christian fathers and mothers, not State grandmothers.

Rev. Dr. Leslie Church  
(Pres., Methodist Churches).

## RESPONSIBILITY.

WHEN a totalitarian state has polluted civilisation by its crimes, it is the wildest nonsense to make the dictator exclusively responsible. If it were not for the enthusiastic support of the majority of his subjects, no ruler could get his deeds of shame performed.

Major Vyvyan Adams, M.P.

## THE PEASANT.

THE peasant family lives on and by and with its land; its symbiotic (living together for mutual benefit) relation with earth is one of intensive cultivation and conservation, whereas Economic Man on the land is solely concerned with cash cropping with its historical consequences of soil erosion. . . . What the peasant wants is not an expanding market, in his eyes synonymous with getting into the hands of the moneylender, but fair prices (which he never gets), security of tenure, and customary freedom to cultivate his land in peace.

H. J. Massingham.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

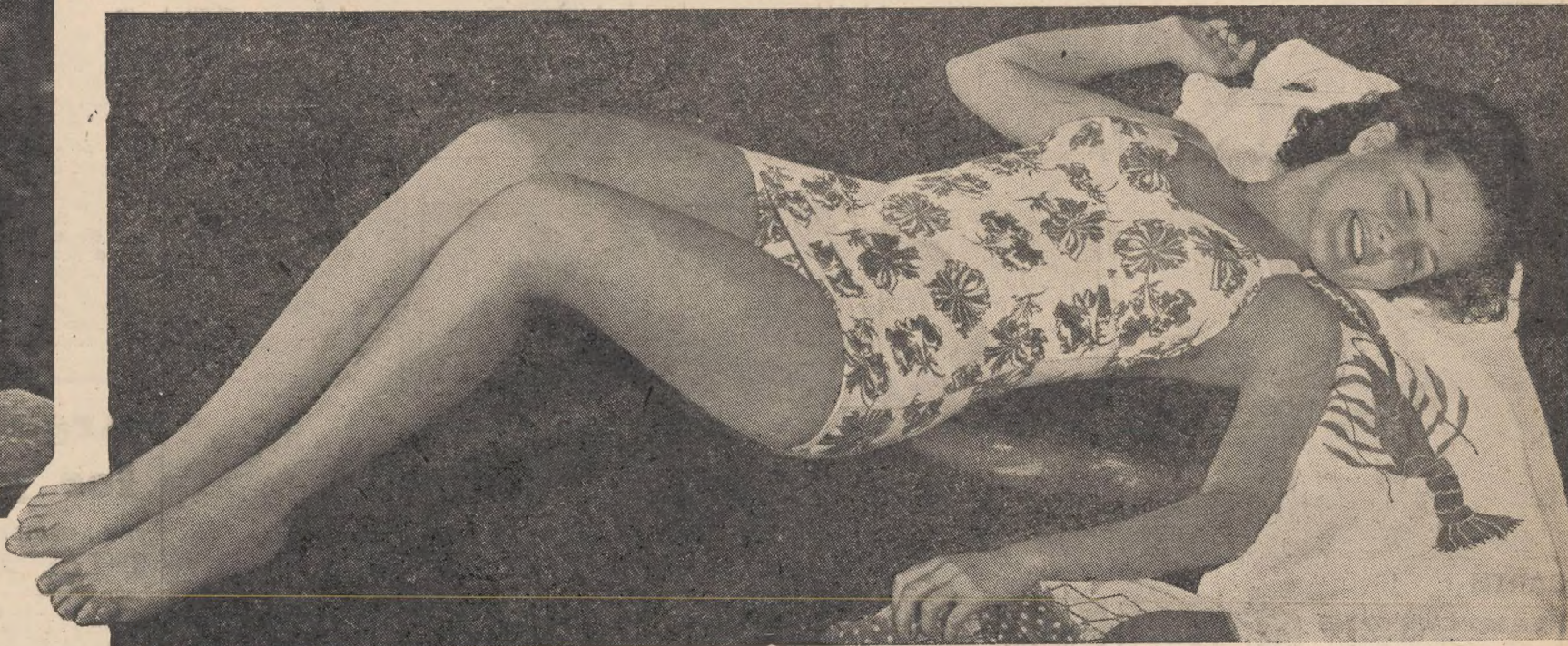
## This England



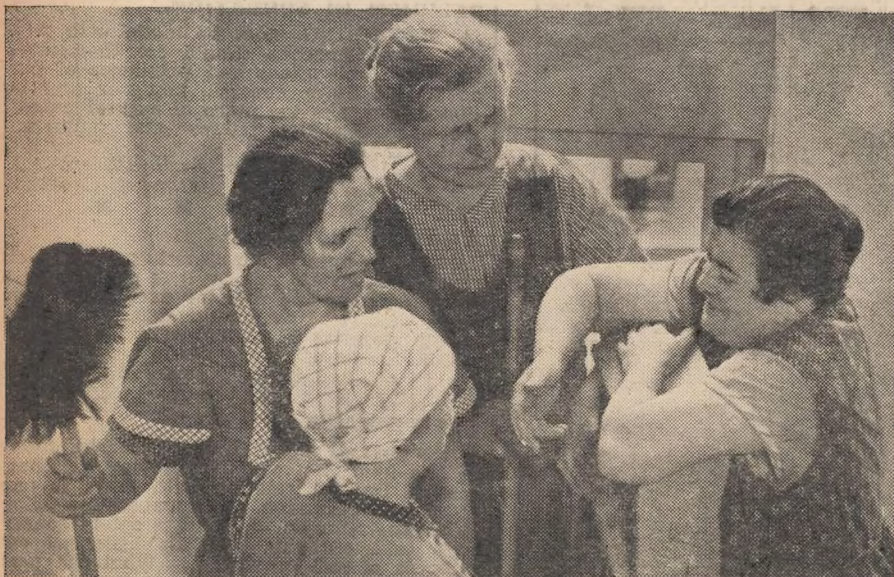
"Mummy won't half be surprised when she comes from the pictures and finds I've done the washing!"



Could anything be more peaceful than this scene of Southam Priory, Gloucester. Originally built in 1066, it still retains much of its ancient appearance.



Brenda Marshall, Warner Bros.' star, seems to be having a pleasant dream. Wonder who the lucky guy is?



"Why, this place is just like 'Grand Hotel.' The things you see, and the things you learn about life. Lumme, I could write a book! If only that Vicky what's-her-name hadn't beaten me to it. Blimey! Could I 'a bin a millionaire, or could I?"



"Just like a guardsman," was what she said when she saw my moustache.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"After that I'll resign my comish."

